

CUP. 21 g. 15 / 38

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Foran 5595

SONG,

To the Tune of AULD LANG SYNE.

I.

O CALEDON, O CALEDON,
How wretched is thy Fate!
I, thy St. ANDREW, do lament
Thy poor abandon'd State.
O CALEDON, O CALEDON,
How griev'd am I to think,
That thy sad Story written is
With Blood instead of Ink.

II.

IN Days of Yore you was renown'd,
Conspicuous was your FAME,
All Nations did your Valour praise,
And Loyalty proclaim:
You did your ancient Rights maintain,
And Liberties defend;
And scorn'd to have it thought that you
On England did depend.

UNTO

III.

UNTO your Kings you did adhere,
 Stood by the Royal Race;
 With them you Honour great did gain,
 And Paths of Glory trace;
 With Royal STEWART at your Head,
 All Enemies oppose;
 And, like our brave courageous Clans,
 In Pieces cut your Foes.

IV.

YOUR Kings did Justice then dispense,
 And led you on to Fight;
 And your heroick Valour was,
 Like their Example, bright.
 An happy People then you were,
 In Plenty did abound,
 And your untainted Loyalty
 With Blessings great was crown'd.

V.

BUT, oh! alas! the Case is chang'd,
 You're wretched and forlorn;
 The Hardships now impos'd on you,
 By Slaves are only born;
 Your ancient Rights, which you so long
 Did with your Blood maintain,
 Are meanly sold and given up,
 And you dare scarce complain.

FOR



VI.

FOR Justice now hath fled away,
 With Taxes you're oppress'd,
 And every little prating Wretch
 May freely you molest:
 The choicest of your Noble Blood
 Are banish'd far away,
 And such as do remain at home
 Must truckle and obey.

VII.

YOUR martial Spirit's quite decayed,
 You're poor contented Slaves;
 You're kick'd and cuff'd, oppress'd, harass'd,
 By Scoundrels, Fools and Knaves.
 You did against your King rebel,
 Abjur'd the Royal Race;
 For which just Heaven did punish you
 With Woes, Contempt, Disgrace.

VIII.

THIS Prince alone the Crown should wear,
 And Royal Sceptre sway;
 To him alone you should submit,
 And your Allegiance pay.
 A Prince indu'd with Virtues rare,
 So Warlike, Just and Great,
 That, were it not to punish you,
 He'd have a better Fate.

O CA-

IX.

O CALEDON, O CALEDON,

Look back from whence you fell,
And from your Suff'rings learn your Guilt,
And never more rebel:
Regain your ancient Liberties,
Redeem your Rights and Laws,
Restore your injur'd lawful King,
Or perish in the Cause.

X.

YOUR Reputation thus you may,

Thus only can retrieve;
And, till you Justice do to him,
You need not think to thrive.
O may th' Almighty King of Kings
His sov'reign Pow'r extend,
And his Anointed's precious Life
From Perils all defend.

XI.

O may just Heav'n assert his Right,

Him to his own restore,
And may the *Scottish* Nation shine
Illustrious as before.

O CALEDON, O CALEDON,

How joyful would I be!
To see the King upon the Throne,
And you from Chains set free.

F I N I S.

